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JURY LIST

FOR SEPTEMBER TERM, 1850.

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Since You and I Were Young.

I'm standing by the window still,
Where we have stood of yore;
The buttonwood is waving still,
Its branches near the door:
And near me creeps the wild rose vine
On which our wreaths were hung;
Still 'round the porch its tendrils twine
As when we both were young.
The little path that used to lead
Down by the river shore,
Is overgrown with briar and wood—
Not level as before—
But there's no change upon the hill
From whence our voices rung:
The violets deck its summit still,
As when we both were young.
And yonder is the old oak tree,
Beneath whose spreading shade,
When our young hearts were light and free,
In innocence we played—
And over there! the meadow gate,
On which our playmates swung,
Still standing in its rustic state,
As when we both were young.
I see the little moss-grown spot,
Beneath the yew-tree's shade,
Where early friends—perchance forgot,
In earth's embrace are laid:
The early friends of hope and trust,
'Round whom our being clung,
All slumber "in the dust,"
Since you and I were young.
But, oh! there is a pleasing sense,
That hovers o'er the scene,
No matter where our wanderings hence;
Or distant far between;
Fond memory brings us back to rove
These pleasant haunts among
The faded scene of early love
When you and I were young.

A friend of ours told us the other evening that he had lately encountered a curious specimen of a Yankee Picture-Exhibitor in a town of the far West. Among his collection was a picture of "Daniel in the den of Lions," and one of his several minute illustrations to the audience struck him as somewhat unique:

"You see," said he, "when you look at that fellow in the red cloak, which is Daniel, that he don't care a wass farthin' for the lion, and by lookin' 'most you'll perceive that the lion don't care a tinker's d—n for him!"

The last idea never struck us before as a very remarkable part of the miracle!

The population of Belvidere numbers 1004, according to the late census.

Death in Church.

Miss Rulotta G. Belknap, daughter of Moses H. Belknap, Esq. of Newburgh, aged about 30 years, died on Sunday evening, the 11th ult., in the First Presbyterian Church, of that place, just as the services were about to commence.

Miss B. had just taken her seat in her pew, when she fell heavily, in what was supposed at the moment to be a fainting fit. But alas! it was not so. The hand of death was upon her, and in a few minutes, and almost without a struggle, she was a corpse. The immediate cause of her death the physicians suppose to have been the bursting of a blood vessel near the heart.

The Yankee Cock Fighter.

It is well known that the Spaniards are greatly addicted to Cock fighting—in short, deprive them of their cock-pit, and that "Plaza del Toros," (bull ring,) and they would be much more likely to revolt than at any oppression of the government. While I was in Trinidad de Cuba, in April last, I was told of a ludicrous scene that occurred in the cock-pit in that city. It should be understood that cock-fighting is a very fashionable and popular amusement, and that gambling, on the result of a fight, is carried to an extraordinary height. Their 'birds' are very small, and being deprived of all their feathers, except those on the wings, and two or three straight ones in the tail, they present a very diminutive and naked appearance. They never are allowed to fight with 'gaffs,' but use their natural spurs, which are sharpened to a nicety, and they fight with a coolness and care that indicate how carefully they have been trained.

An American captain of a vessel, looking at a fight that had been some time prolonged, at length burst out with—

"Get out with such birds as these; they ain't bigger than a tom tit, and ain't worth a curse, any how! They are some poor miserable Cuba chicks, I reckon! I've got on board of my ship a genuine Yankee bird, that'll lick any three or four of your miserable cocks before you could say beans—and I'll bet high on it too."

A bet of fifty "ounces" (\$850) was instantly offered on the captain's proposition, who, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends put up the money, and said he "would be that" sure, and give all such small fry cocks at had, particular thunder! Now, let it be understood, that the captain had an old "grey eagle" on board his ship, and his first order was not to give it anything to eat for the next 24 hours. He also stripped the eagle of all its plumage save the wings and 2 or 3 tail feathers, causing the old fellow to feel decidedly ashamed of himself. The day of trial arrived; the cock-pit was crowded to see the great trial of one bird against three. The captain arrived in time, with his bird under his arm.

"Who puts your cock, Captain?" was asked.
"Who! well, I rather think I'll attend to that business myself," said he, and stepped over into the ring. The old eagle seemed ashamed of the company he was in, and did not look very courageous; and as they examined the Yankee cock, many were the winks, side glances, and nods exchanged among the Spaniards, for excepting only his size, there was not any thing very encouraging in the old eagle's appearance. He was wretchedly poor, and they also discovered that he had no spurs.

"Why, Captain," said they, "your bird has no spurs."
"Not the first spur," said he, "but he's worse than a wild cat where he scratches or bites, so go ahead."
Three noble looking game chickens were now brought in, and the betting commenced. Every thing offered by the Captain or his friends was eagerly taken up by the Dons. The Captain, it was observed, took all the bets that he could, and when quiet was restored he gently patted the old eagle, and, as he put it into the ring where the game cocks were strutting and crowing, he said, "Now go it, old fellow, for the honor of your country!—Give 'em blazes!"

The eagle stood still in the centre of the ring, cocked his head on one side, and seemed to be eyeing the little game fellows that were advancing towards him, but he stirred not! At length the chicken made a dash at him, and doubtless gave him a sharp blow, for, with a kind of wild scream, the old bird started, took one glance at the chicken, pounced upon it, and with its claws and hook bill tore it all to pieces; and to the horror and astonishment of the Spaniards, began to eat!—The second cock shared the fate of the first, and so would the third, had it not been withdrawn by the enraged and mortified Spaniard, who had already lost two valuable birds by a very summary process.

As soon as the Captain was declared winner, he snatched up his bird, collected his bets, and strode towards the door, where he turned and addressed the bewildered crowd.

"Look here, Dons," said he, "it's my opinion that the next time you fight a Yankee cock, you'll know that he's a bird that always licks!" and slapping his well filled pockets, the Captain and his friends withdrew, leaving the Cuba cock-fighters in a pleasing state of wonderment.

The School Master Abroad.

The following is a correct and true copy of a manuscript hand-bill which was left at a hotel, not far from Carlisle, a few days since, with the request that the landlord should put it up in a conspicuous place, so that all might read this "pub Lick Sale for Land." The landlord complied with the request, and after the neighbors had all read and laughed over it, the hand-bill was taken down and sent to us for publication. In sympathy for the man who wrote and signed this paper we suppress his name:

pub Lick Sale for Land

Cun taining 140 Acres of Land that Land Lacey in Cum ber Land County in Dickensan township that Land Lacey between Wits town and hully furnace near at gates burger lot the Land Chins Jacob rich Wins Land that Land Lacey at Myers Saw Mill good Wortur on that Land good Matto on that land 95 Acres of good Matto Crown on that Land good Vinter Apals on that Land good Cheres and biches on that Land good Saw Mill Seet on that Land 3 houses on that Land one Cuchen Stove to Sale oxens to Sale.

9 September
ntns September.—Carlisle Volunteer.

The Mistake of a Night.

Queer things may occur 'amid the blaze of noon,' but queerer still take place among the still hours of night. The following, for instance, is one of the queerest in the category, and as Watts says,

"The deeds of darkness we have done,
Must all appear before the sun."

It may not be quite improper to make it public, positive that the parties therein concerned will not object thereto, as their identity must remain a mystery to the inquisitive.

It was upon a public occasion, when all the hotels in—, call the place what you will, were filled from top to bottom. Landlords economized room and space with amazing cunning, packing as many as three fat men in one bed, on a dog day night too; or on the floor in such copious confusion as to make the property of certain sets of limbs to particular bodies a matter of great doubt. Boniface could not put out a single individual, but he could put him away some how or other.

One of these obliging hosts, however, was sadly perplexed where to lodge a particular friend. He could not, consistently with correct notions of amity, run a pole out of the window and request his friend to roost for the night, as a Kentucky landlord is reported to have done when pressed for room; and it was only after much calculation that a bright and generous idea came to him and his friend's relief.

"My old woman's gone to see her folk's said he, 'and won't come home till to-morrow—now you take my bed, for I shan't have any occasion for it seeing I must attend to the folks and keep them at chaps, scattered on the dinner hall floor, from fighting."

Accordingly the guest took possession of Boniface's bed—sunk up to his nose amid the feathers, and soon went to the land of Nod, thanking his stars for having escaped the confusion below. Had he known what some poet had written, with a chuckle, smothered in his two pair of pillows, he might have exclaimed: "In this tumultuous sphere for the unfit,
How seldom art thou met, tranquilly."

He slept and snored, but for a little while only. An intruder appeared, and he woke with the inquiry,

"Who's that?"
"It's me old man—go to sleep again," was the reply, given in female accents, 'but don't take up all the bed."

"It ain't your old man," said the stranger, whose voice much resembled that of Boniface, whose wife the reader must have already guessed was the new comer. Being very bashful, the poor fellow drew the clothes over his head, and in smothered accents besought the landlady to clear right out.

"Just as I expected," exclaimed the old woman, "drunk again when the house is full of folks what can steal, rob and murder the hull on us," and she proceeded to the bed, and groping in the dark, contrived to uncover the unfortunate man's head, and then he had to 'take it' in every sense of the word.

Being a bachelor he had merely heard of a matrimonial coming down of locks, but his experience of the operation so far outstripped his conceptions that he bellowed murder most lustily.

"Cry murder and raise the hull house, will you?," cried the landlady, shaking her victim's scalp from the root almost.

"Let me go," shouted the man, "I ain't her man—murder! murder!"

The last yell wrung by the intense pain from the greatest power of the victim's lungs brought Boniface and posse to the door. A general rush was made to the apartment and the matter was soon explained amid the shouts of the assemblage.

"Now," whispered the jolly landlord in his friend's ear, when leading him to 'licker,' 'just think now how I've got to be put through!'"

The New Patent Mouse Trap.

The August number of the Journal of the Franklin Institute, contains the specification of a patented mouse trap. The improved mode of body snatching is as follows: A savory piece of toasted cheese is suspended on a hook. Enter rat. A small mirror is so adjusted that rat sees his shadow in the glass, (just as Richard did,) and not recognizing himself at first sight, thinks that some other rat is aiming for the cheese. He rushes in to head off his rival.—The board he treads on is a deceiver. It is supported by a weak spring, (probably a patent truss) which yields under his weight, and precipitates him into a lower story of the trap, when the floor flies up to resume its place. Another rat comes along—sees the reflection of his predecessor, as well as his own, and thinks two rats are fighting for the cheese. In he goes—down he goes, and so on, *toties quoties*.

The advantages of this trap are obvious. It economizes cheese. It saves the animal alive, and affords to mankind and dog-kind, the pleasure of subsequently killing him at their leisure. It teaches a useful lesson. Rats should study optics. They should learn to know themselves and know their own face, when they see it in the glass. Hence our man-rats are now beginning to crook the long hairs around their lips and give them a characteristic curl, so that they may identify themselves by using a hair lip for an ear-mak.

"The Civerlid," or Yankee Neatness.—A Green Horn from the interior, recently went to visit a rich cousin in the city of Boston. Being introduced into the sitting room by the servant, he stopped at the door, and gazing for a moment with astonishment, upon the rich carpet on the floor, he at last observed a narrow space next the wall of the room, which it did not cover, and with long strides marched over it to opposite the fire place; here being obliged to cross the carpet to reach his friends, who began to be as much surprised as he was. In reaching the hearth he could not avoid stepping on it, and turning with much apparent mortification to his cousin, he exclaimed—"There Polly, I have trod on your liverlid arter all."

Idiocy.

It appears, by a report recently made by Dr. Howe, of the Boston Blind Asylum, that there are fifteen hundred idiots in the State of Massachusetts. The report regards idiocy as a diseased excessiveness of society; as an outward sign of an inward malady. It continues: "It was hard to believe it to be in the order of Providence that the earth should always be cumbered with so many creatures in the human shape, but without the light of human reason. It seemed impious to attribute to the creator any such glaring imperfection in handiwork.—It appeared to us certain that so many idiots in every generation must be the consequence of the violation of some natural laws; that where there was so much suffering there must have been sin." In searching for the cause, they were found in the condition and habits of the progenitors of the sufferers—there is found a degree of physical deterioration, and of mental and moral darkness, which will hardly be credited. Four hundred and twenty idiots, found in seventy-seven towns only, of Massachusetts, were carefully examined, 218 of whom were found to be gluttons, and 102 were "given to self-abuse, in an uncontrollable and frightful degree."

Out of four hundred and twenty cases of congenial idiocy, some information was obtained respecting the condition of 359, in all of which, save only four, it was found that one or the other, or both, of the immediate progenitors of the idiot, had in some way widely departed from the normal conditions of health, and violated the natural laws. They had either been unhealthy or scrofulous, hereditarily predisposed to affections of the brain, causing occasional insanity, or had been guilty with blood relatives, or had been guilty of sensual excesses which impair the constitution. The report is fully impressed with the opinion that the habitual use of alcoholic drinks does a great deal to bring families into that low and feeble condition of body alluded to as a prolific source of idiocy. Out of three hundred and fifty-nine idiots examined, ninety-nine were found to be the children of drunkards—notorious and habitual sot. We quote from the report—it should be a useful lesson to your moderate drinker:

"The effect of the habitual use of alcohol, even in moderate quantities, seen to be to lymphatize the whole bodily organization: that is to diminish the proportion of the body—that which gives enduring strength, and to make the lymphatic or the watery particles to abound in all the tissues. The children of persons, so lymphatized, are apt to be of the scrofulous character, above described; and their children again are very apt to be feeble in body, and weak in mind. Idiots, fools and simpletons are common among the progeny of such persons, either in the first or second generation.—Thus, directly and indirectly, alcohol is productive of a great proportion of the idiocy which now burdens the commonwealth. If, moreover, one considers how many children of intemperate parents there are, who without being idiots, are deficient in bodily and mental energy, and predisposed by their very organization, to have cravings for alcoholic stimulants, it will be seen what an immense burden the drinkers of one generation throw upon the succeeding one. Many a parent, by habitual stimulus applied to his own nervous system, renders his child infinitely more liable to be made a drunkard, by the ordinary temptations of life, than the child of a temperate man would be, even if living, from his youth upward, within the extraordinary temptation of a bar-room."

Another fruitful source of idiocy was traced to the "intermarriage of relatives." Out of three hundred and fifty-nine cases, in which the parentage was ascertained, seventeen were known to be the children of parents nearly related by blood; "most of the parents were intemperate or scrofulous—some were both the one and the other; of course there were other causes to increase chances of infirm offspring, besides that of the intermarriage. There were born unto them"—the seventeen families, the heads of which were blood relatives—"ninety five children, of whom forty-four were idiotic, twelve others were scrofulous and puny, one was deaf, and one was a dwarf!—In some cases, all the children were idiotic, or very scrofulous and puny. In one family of eight children, five were idiots!"

What a frightful tale this tells against the intermarriage of relatives.

Important Law.

The following act, relative to widows and children of insolvents, to retain property to the amount of \$300, was passed at the last session of the Legislature.

SECT. XXV. Hereafter, the widow or children of any decedent, dying within this commonwealth, if the said decedent shall have left a widow or children who were residing with him at the time of his death and the estate be insufficient to pay his debts, exclusive of the amount of property which is now by law exempted from levy and sale upon an execution against a debtor, may retain either real or personal property belonging to said estate to the value of three hundred dollars; and the same shall not be sold, but suffered to remain for the said widow and family; and it shall be the duty of the executor or administrator of such decedent, to have the said property appraised in the same manner as provided in the act passed the ninth day of April, A. D. 1849, entitled an act to exempt property to the value of three hundred dollars from levy and sale on execution and distress for rent; Provided, That this section shall not affect or impair any liens for the purchase money of such real estate; and the said appraisal, upon being signed and certified by the appraisers, and approved by the orphans court, shall be filed among the records thereof.